





LITERARY AND ART GOSSIP.  
The Edinburgh Review is to be, "Progress of Land between England," is attributed to Mr. F. W. Howes.

Mr. William H. Dutton, junior, proprietor of the Daily Evening Transcript, of Boston, U.S., died on the 1st ultime.

Sir Samuel Baker has been lecturing at Teignmouth, on African Exploration and the Supremacy of the Slave Trade. A two-volume novel "A Strange World" has just been issued. A cheap edition of "Lost for Love" is announced.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant, the poet and journalist, has been publicly received by each House of the State Legislature of New York.

The Birmingham Gazette says that the re-building of Warwick Castle is about done. The cost is estimated at £25,000 and £20,000.

An excellent portrait, in lithography, of Mr. W. J. Ingram, M.P., has been published by Messrs. Black and Sons, Regent street, London.

Another small planet was discovered on January, the 28th, by Herr Pallas, Director of the Austrian Government Observatory at Föla, near Trieste.

The Agro paper says that Asaf Sahib, of Katal fane, has presented a portrait of the late Lord Mayo, procured from England, to the Delhi Institute.

Horses are entered that Lady Burdett-Coutts' costly gift to London, hitherto known as Columbia Market, will long hence, be converted into a Free Library.

A meeting of the committee of the Project Hawley Memorial Fund recently held, it was decided to dispose of a portion of the funds authorized by creating an altar tomb in Eton College Chapel.

St. Peter's Church, Bath, has been reopened, after an expenditure of £700, made possible by the munificence of Mr. J. G. Gauntlett, the builder Mr. G. Fin, and carpenter Mr. Potter, both of Worcester.

The Bold Herald informs us that Mr. E. G. Craster, late Judge of Picca, on retiring from the service, presented a valuable law library to the members of the Picca Bar. But the gift is a sort of white elephant; the pleaders have no place to keep it, and the judges can't stand it.

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It is stated by the Labor paper that M. Pachano, the Belgian Minister, has been recalled by the Government to terminate his tour through Chitral to Tashkend, and it is said that his movements were carefully watched over by the police during his stay there, their attention continuing until he left by train for Bombay on his way back, ostensibly for Russia.

Baba Tatay, the compiler of an Anglo-Japanese grammar, just published in London, which is likely to make the place of those already in use, was entertained at dinner served in European style by the members of the Kitazawa-cho, a sort of Mutual Improvement Society, at Nippon, prior to his return to England. Yosabuki Shimo, *Rikugun-sho*, made an eloquent address, on behalf of the members.

The fashion of publishing novels is now spreading. Colonel Monroe Taylor, C.S.A., author of "Sects," "Barn," has begun his new story, "A Noble Queen," in the *World's News*, a twentyney Saturday paper, published by Messrs. B. S. King and Co. On the same day, Jan. 30th, Mr. B. L. Farson, not satisfied with introducing a new serial to *Temple Bay*, began in the *Birmingham Morning News*, an original tale of adventure, entitled "A Valentine for the Silver Player."

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A collection of works in landscape of Mr. John Linell, sen., has been opened in Pall Mall. Mr. E. White, whose aim, as stated in his catalogue, was "to see how the artist would paint his picture," has exhibited his collection, and it is said that the writer regards Linell's work as to whether this is a high standard or not. But Mr. White has hardly afforded the public a means of doing this, as is out of the sixteen paintings of Linell's collection there is only one, and that an undistinguished one, belonging to that early period of his work which many regard as most inferior. The other fifteen are of the style of the "Temple of Diana" and by the acquisition for the British Museum of a most valuable collection of sculptures, architectural marbles, and Greek and Roman inscriptions, in obtaining which results his health has suffered permanent injury.

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All application with regard to the new National Opera House, must now be at the end. On Monday, January 25th, 1875 the date will henceforth be a red-letter day in the musical calendar, the Metropolitan Board of Works "signed, sealed, and delivered" to Mr. J. H. Mapleton a lease of the Thames Embankment site for eighty years, and Mapleton paid down a sum of £10,000, and a sum of £10,000, a sum considerably in excess of the value of the site, and the architect, moreover, the architects will now immediately be set to work, and it is hoped and expected that the new opera house will be completed, finished, and equipped in the most magnificent manner by the spring of next year. The following are to be the dimensions of the stage in comparison with that of the Royal Italian Opera:

Covet Garden depth of stage..... 90 feet  
National Opera House..... 108  
Covet Garden opening of proscenium..... 44  
National Opera House..... 48  
With across stage behind scenes..... 90  
Covet Garden..... 90  
National Opera House..... 108

We may well throw up our capes and cry "Hurrah!" for, despite the cynics and disbelievers the new National Opera House is now a master of pathos! —*Agree.*

OPERA ON SUNDAY EVENINGS.  
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The Portland Bulletin tells of a queer burglar. "A few days since one of Portland's principal business men had occasion to visit Roseburg, where he turned over night. After returning to his room he found the door open, and the window down, and went to bed. In a dream he saw a man in the arms of Morphine, he felt a sudden jerk at the pillow whereon rested his doved head. He awoke in bed and looked and bolted round in the darkness, but discovered nothing. He again lay down, and had reached the second sleep when he was startled by a rattling posture. Another examination resulted as before, and again he saw Morphine's sweet restoratory dream asleep. In a few moments he felt his pantaloons slide from his bed and heard them fall heavily upon the floor, the silver coins rolling merrily about. The gentleman sprang from his bed, and, after a hasty search, found a five-cent piece, to touch his breast. No sooner had he touched the coin than it had encased him in a window, mistaking one of his limbs for a fence-post, and up it went. This was too much for the gentleman, who rushed from the room, down the hall, into the dining-room, out of the back door into the yard, back again, and called for help. By this time the house was surrounded and came to his room to dream of robbers, cows, and assassins. Even the gentle lamb could not stand the curious situation of a coin climbing up his leg in the dark."

THE OLD WOMAN WHO OWNED A GRAVEYARD.  
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## Extracts.

## THE GOLDEN GRAVE.

The following is a version of an old Irish ballad, which (the version) was written in 1855, by L. E. L. (Miss Landen). It was lately discovered and printed in England; is one of Miss Landen's choicest productions.—

He sleeps with his lonely grave  
Upon the lonely hill,  
There sweeps the wind—there swells the wave,  
All other sounds were still.  
And strange and mournful sound they:  
Each seems a funeral cry,  
O'er life that long has passed away,  
O'er ages long gone by.  
One winged minstrel left to sing  
Over the hills that heareth,  
The hummimg bee, that nests in Spring  
Is honey from the health.  
It is the sole familiar sound—  
That ever rises there;  
Scent seen amid the haunted grove,  
And silent in the air.

There never comes the merrier bird—

There never bounds the deer;

But during night strange sounds are heard,

The day may never break;

For there the shrouded Banshee stands,

Sees seen amid the gloom,

And wrings her dim and shadowy hands,

And chants her song of doom.

Seven pillars, gray with time and moss,  
On dark St. Meard rest;

They stand to tell a nation's loss—

A King is at their feet.

A lofty mount divides the place

Where sleep, in summer cold,

The mighty of a mighty race—

The grand kings of old.

There Golah sleeps—the golden hand  
Abhous his head;

His jewel in his red right hand,

His feet upon his bough.

And twice three golden rings are placed

Upon that hand of fear;

The smallest would go round the waist

Of any maiden here.

The plates of gold are on his breast,

And gold doth bind him round;

A King, he taketh kindly rest

Beneath that royal mound.

But wealth no more the mountain fills,

As in the days of yore.

Gone are those days: the wave distills

Its liquid gold no more.

The days of yore—still let my harp

Their memories repeat—

The days when every sword was sharp,

And every song was sweet.

The warrior shoulders on the hill;

The stranger rules the plain;

Glory and gold are gone; but still

They live in song again.

## YOUNG KNOWLEDGE.

A lady, teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed something in a book, and asked:—"What is that, my dear?"

"Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother, "but I wish to find out if you know." "Well," responded the little one, "I do know." "Tell me then, if you please," said the lady. "Why, no," insisted the little miss, "you know what it is, and I know what it is, and so is no need of saying anything more about it."

## DAMSELS AND WEDLOCK.

Philosophers of a cynical turn of mind are in the habit of speaking terribly in favour of the state of single blessedness, and very warmly in condemnation of the honourable condition of matrimony. That these sage so far fail to act up to their principles as to frequently immolate themselves upon the altar of marriage may, perhaps, be regarded as proof that human nature is not all utterly selfish. Certainly, when they have themselves passed into the desolating condition of wedlock they are in a position to speak more authoritatively of its horrors than they were before, and may be the better enabled to talk in glowing terms of that dubious freedom and those divine delights which they have for ever lost. That no few of them do all this is touching proof of that terrible earnestness by which they are, possibly, inspired; and the unfortunate is that the world seems disposed to laugh at them and to set them down as numberless a pronounced type. This being so, it is not surprising that many of the warnings which the high-souled philosophers feel compelled to address to their fellow are like unto the seed which fell upon stony ground. It is, alas, a melancholy fact that the majority of folk are disposed to look contemptuously upon all monetary references to marriage, and show by their actions that they readily decline to believe that matrimony frequently turns out a tremendous blunder, and has been more easily made than it can be remedied. This sad state of things cannot be attributed to the philosophers, and they are really devoid of heart's commendation because they do not, in despair, give up their work of exhortation, more especially, as in many cases, they are undoubtedly regarded as able bodies. Yet, though they are snubbed and despised, it is a sad fact that so many marriages which are made a large proportion turn out miserable failures and bring little but regret to those who have entered into them. It may safely be said, in sober earnest, that there are at the present moment scores of hearts which are heavy and hundreds of eyes which are wet because their owners failed to take a good comprehensive look before they irreversibly plunged into the sea of matrimony. With all due deference to philosophers, must be written that this is not so much because the instigators of marriage is a mistake as it is one that is very little understood by numerous individuals until a time when the understanding of it is of little use. Angelina and Claude, when they stand together at the altar, in nine cases out of ten are taking each other "on chance." Now, Angelina may turn out an angel, Claude, may show that he is an angel's angel, and this is the worst condemnation of all. Angelina and Claude may have proved how disagreeable human nature can be before the termination of a fortnight's honeymoon. If the couple are unhappy it cannot be said that their love is to blame, for their own fault. They have but done what the rest of us do. To put in writing their hand in a lottery bag, drawing something worse than a mere blank. Angelina, if she had wished to do so, could never have seen Claude except when he was made as much like a swine as possible, in order that she might be duly impressed, and poor Claude would have found it equally impossible to have pounced upon his beloved Angelina when she was not in a fit state and ready, in all respects, to receive him. Angelina cannot be blamed because she had that "little temper" of hers; neither can Claude be censured for choosing to forget that he possessed a number of small vices, of the same character, which, in a general way, he was particularly fond of airing. Nor can either of the pair be blamed because like two rogues, each chose to think that he or she was a clever hypocrite than the other.

Matrimony must always result in more or less disastrous consequences, but there is reason to believe that if there were less墨 in these that would be less repenting at leisure. Maidens, in particular, are addicted to rushing headlong into the gaping vortex of wedlock. Nor, perhaps, when everything is considered, is this at all strange, as the respectable daughters of respectable people, their circle of action is

very circumscribed one, and their means are of the slightest. They have control over nothing, even the most important of their own actions being directed by others. They may earn a miserable pitiful, but it is by indulging in drudgery against which their souls revolt. Matrimony is the only means by which they see that their unhappy and humiliating condition may be altered, and, truth to say, this seems a right royal way to the improvement of their state. With a husband, they imagine, they will get the control of a house, the inmates of which will be their willing subjects, the command of a purse, and greater liberty of action than a single young lady can ever hope to enjoy. Nor is this all; marriage will raise her, a girl thinks, in the estimation of her friends, and effectually prevent her from becoming what nine women out of ten have a horror of, to wit, an old maid. Then, in addition to this merely practical aspect of the case, there is the purely sentimental one. A damsels may imagine that it will indeed be nice when she has a husband who is never weary of kissing and caressing her, who is over ready to satisfy her smallest wants, and who lives but to please her. When a maiden is in the state of anxiety to escape from one state of life into another, it is not surprising that she should often be deluded to the extent of imagining herself in love with a youth, when the fact is that true affection for him forms but a small part of the impulses by which she is actuated. Nor is it at all remarkable that she should sometimes succumb to the first young lover who makes overtures to her, and, occasionally, lead him on to believe that not only is he very much in love with her, but that she is also very much in love with him, a belief which, in most cases, there are no opportunities of shaking until it is too late. Damsels who are unduly eager to get married, expose themselves to serious danger in addition to that indicated. They run a good chance of finding themselves jilted, or of fancying that they have been jilted, which amounts to the same thing. Men may, for a time, be attracted towards women who show a marked preference for them; but, as a rule, they value most that which there is most difficult in getting. Indeed, in many cases it is the pursuit of a prize which renders it attractive rather than any particular merit of the prize itself. Thus, though damsels may, in their eagerness to get married, draw me to a certain stage, the chances are that the latter will shrink back before taking the last, irreversible step, and leave the damsel objects of ridicule and compassion to those who are acquainted with what has transpired. If these latter were less wistful of getting married, they would make fewer mistakes and meet with less rebuffs than they do now.

## HUMAN HENS.

Everything they do or say or become possessed of—more, everything that is done to or spoken of, or taken away from them—sparks the instant attention of the world. The egg may be a very little one, but in the opinion of the Human Hen its laying was a prodigious feat, deserving the admiration of the universe. Although there is little merit and less novelty in the act, it forms a boundless source of astonishment to its performer. With infinite cackling the Human Hen proclaims the great event, and bids the spheres pause in their chattering to chant the praises of a newly-laid egg. Perhaps it may be a novel in three volumes that insists on being welcomed with a flourish of trumpets, or perchance only a new sort of toothpick. Be it what it may, the world is well aware of the magnitude of the event. Still there are a great many persons who injure themselves, sometimes to the extent of complete ruination, at the instance of their neighbours. The most singular part of the matter is that these hens have no wish to be extremely benevolent—at least, they have no such desire when they are in the privacy of their own home, and are in a position to calmly estimate the extent of their resources. Indeed, when situated, they are in the habit of making many desperate resolves that they will sell their hearts so that they may be able to effectively resist all claims that may be made upon their benevolence. They normally declare that the sight of poverty shall not gain affect them to the injury of their purse; and that the plaintive tales of their unfortunate friends and acquaintances shall be to them as so many sounds which signify nothing. They remain full of determination—until they go abroad and are tempted, after which they quickly succumb, and are guilty of such acts of folly as would drive a political economist and a philosophical disbeliever in indiscriminate charity to distraction. 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